

Enigma

Cannons seek livers.

Thunder and plasma
spray.

Forces claw as they Red and Blue go.

Eyes of orphans

not sensing
or knowing

a theatre of grief to come.

Patchwork frame of passion
set to blaze by dark and sparkling
hue.

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Raven waters and perfect flutter
in her gaze
and her presence

and epoch gifts and awe
and palace court
and as a person losing grip
at cliff's

edge

I know this time is misty. For...
just as wine and fire go away thus will this night never grow

— she returns to war
as do we all.